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THE

NAVAL REVIEW.

A POEM.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

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INSCRIBED

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS,

KNIGHT OF THE BATH, AND ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE SQUADRON OF HIS MAJESTY'S FLEET.

By the Rev. ROBERT ENGLISH,

Late Chaplain to His Majesty's Ship the Royal George; and to the Twenty-fourth Regiment of Foot.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS,

KNIGHT of the BATH, and ADMIRAL

of the WHITE SQUADRON of

HIS MAJESTY'S FLEET.

SIR,

IT was my intention to have requeſted the permiſſion, of dedicating to you the following lines, but I recollected there was a degree of impropriety in that ſtep, as your own renown adorns the ſubject. My

veneration for your great Naval Character, added to the perſonal condeſcenſion with which you have often honour'd me, I flatter myſelf, will apologize for the liberty I have taken, in ſending this little Poem into the World, under the protection of your celebrated name. You will find it very unequal to the taſk; but it claims one recommendation, that of flowing from a heart ſenſible of ſingular obligations to the Service, and full of zeal for its glory.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt devoted, and

moſt obedient ſervant,

ROBERT ENGLISH.

THE

NAVAL REVIEW.

IN higher ſphere the Muſe ambitious moves,

And tries th' advent'rous Lay on Scenes ſhe loves;

Beneath th' embow'ring arch of ſilent ſhades,

Invokes the influence of the tuneful Maids,

Britannia's

Britannia's Fame in equal verſe to ſing,

But riſes trembling on a doubtful wing.

Whilſt War o'er Eaſtern Climes wide-waſting reigns,

And ſtorms collecting frown on Albion's Plains,

The mighty Brunſwic glows for martial fame,

And former glory fans th' aſpiring flame;

Forſakes, now plaintive Realms implore his aid,

The ſweet receſſes of the Olive ſhade,

In

In Europe's Cauſe the gen'rous ſword to draw,

And keep, with watchful eye, the jarring world in awe.

Long had each Naval Breaſt repining beat,

To lay their laurels at their Sov'reign's feet;

Fair Fortune ſmiles, propitious to their pray'r,

And ſparkling joy ſucceeds corroding care.

The warlike Drums, and ſprightly Trumpets ſound,

While ceaſeleſs ſhouts from Hantia's Tow'rs rebound;

A thouſand Banners float in wanton play,

A thouſand hands with flow'rets ſtrew the way;

The joyful Crowd exulting throng before,

Hailing their Monarch to the honour'd ſhore,

Where the proud Frigate, deck'd in royal State,

'Midſt the loud Cannons' roar embarks th' imperial freight.

The low'ring North, that late with furious ſweep

Pour'd wild confuſion through the lab'ring Deep,

Huſhes each ruder breath; with brighter ray

The Sun emerges into purer day,

And gilds the feſtive Scene; the ſwelling ſails

Spread their glad wings, and court the proſp'rous gales;

Obſequious breezes waft the fav'rite Train,

O'er the ſmooth boſom of the ſmiling Main;

And whilſt attendant through the azure way,

Rejoicing Tritons, ſportive Nereids play,

Bleſt with th' important Charge the conſcious Tides
Whiſper their joys, and kiſs the Veſſel's ſides.

Let Egypt boaſt her ſumptuous Scene of old,
Her flutes melodious, and her flowing gold,
When the Great Roman Nile's proud Stream ſurvey'd,
With Afric's Queen in Tyrian pomp array'd;
And tho' He ſhone the Firſt in War's alarms,
An Empire loſt for conqu'ring Beauty's charms.

A Greater Briton here gives Ocean Laws,

A Brighter Queen protects fair Virtue's Cauſe;

There glitt'ring Gallies vain Parade diſplay,

The tranſient Pride of a luxurious Day;

Here Gallant Fleets in awful Order lie,

Whoſe waving Flags the World combin'd defy;

Example ill, and faithleſs Love were there,

Here all th' aſſembled Graces crown the Sacred Pair.

The Signal giv'n, inſtant in dread array
Contending Squadrons join the eager Fray;
Swift they evolve, and charm the wond'ring ſight,
Attack, retreat, and urge again the fight.
Now Stygian vapours intercept the day;
And now the ſcatt'ring clouds th' embattled Strife diſplay.
On ev'ry ſide the vivid light'ning flies,
Again the World ſeems the conteſted Prize,
And Britain's Thunder rends the echoing ſkies.

Thus

Thus Albion's Heroes, ardent in the Chace,
With blooming wreaths the Fane of Honour grace.

Thus Hawke, with vengeance arm'd, o'erwhelm'd the Foe,
And roſe immortal from th' illuſtrious blow.

Saunders and Wolfe, inſpir'd with patriot flame,
To Climes unknown expand the Britiſh Name;
Each day new labours open to their view,
Still Glory's path th' intrepid Chiefs purſue;

Onward

Onward they preſs, o'er all obſtruction ſoar,

Their fame increaſing, as the danger more;

The Laurel now their generous ardor crown'd,

And Gaul indignant bites th' empurpled ground;

Th' affrighted Pole the daring Deed ſurvey'd,

And wonder'd at the arduous progreſs made;

It's frozen Sons a trembling homage pay,

Whilſt proud Quebec an hapleſs Victim lay.

The

The Orient Sun Manilla's fate can tell,

Her gilded Spires in ſplendid ruin fell;

Here Fortune's ſad viciſſitude is ſeen,

A weeping Captive now, who erſt was India's Queen.

His Southern Ray beam'd on our rich domain,

O'er golden Floods of Afric's glowing Plain;

The ſwarthy Race a willing Duty vow,

And with their native Palm adorn the Victor's Brow.

Beneath his ſetting Orb the Iſles were won,

And fam'd Havannah mourn'd her glory gone;

In long proceſſion ſhe her Saint implores,

Fled was the Guardian Genius from her ſhores,

Her boaſted Bulwarks high in air are hurl'd,

And to it's ſhining center ſhook the Tropic World.

Through ev'ry Sign of his revolving race,

He ſaw new trophies England's triumph grace,

Saw,

Saw, as he roll'd, with an admiring Eye,

O'er half the conquer'd Globe her crimſon Banners fly.

Cæſar elate the glorious Scene explores,

Guarded his Commerce, and ſecure his ſhores;

Pauſing, reflects on his ſuperior Pow'r,

And views, with conſcious pride, what France had

ſeen before;

In his heav'd boſom great Ideas riſe,

And rapture lifts awhile the Mortal to the ſkies.

Hail

Hail Happy Prince! and Thou Renowned Iſle!

Whoſe crowded Ports with boundleſs Traffic ſmile;

Where Arts and Science vigorous branches ſpread,

And faireſt Freedom rears her lovely head;

Where ev'ry breaſt a Public zeal inſpires,

And Sacred Altars blaze with purer fires;

Where the Kind Gods their choiceſt favours ſend,

Wiſdom to plan, and Courage to defend;

Monarch

Monarch and Subject joys alike receive,

And feel reflected bliſs which mutual Virtues give.

Again let Bourbon hoſtile Fleets unite,

Each manly heart is kindled for the fight;

Through ev'ry rank determin'd Valour reigns,

The Tide of glory ſwelling in their veins;

From George's ſmiles ariſes brighter flame,

And added fury animates their frame;

Britain ſhall raiſe th' oppreſs'd, controul the Vain,

And rule with everlaſting ſway the vanquiſh'd Main.

FINIS.